

1505/60

THE
PRIEST
AND THE
WIDOW,
A
TALE.

---*Pulcra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere: da justum sanctumque videri:
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.* HOR. Ep.



L O N D O N:

Printed for E. COMYNS, at the *Royal-Exchange*; J. ROBINSON, in
Ludgate-Street; J. JACKSON, in *St. James's-Street*; and A. DODD,
at *Temple-Bar*. M.DCC.XLI.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE
P R I E S T

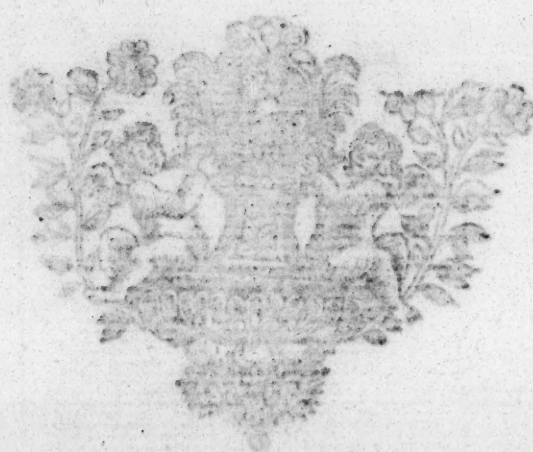
AND THE

W I O W

A

T A L E

Da mihi fallere: da ipsum sanctumque ceteri:
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus opice nubem.
Hor. Ep.
—Pulchre Iocunda,



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Printed for E. Currys, at the Royal-Exchange; J. Robinson, in
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THE
PRIEST
AND THE
WIDOW.

IN *Lombardy* there dwelt a wealthy Knight,
The Wonder of his Times, and the Delight.
(Who knows not *Lombardy*, whose fruitful Plain
O'erflows with Milk, and multiplies the Grain?)
This Knight was tutor'd in the *Jesuits* School,
Who say that Learning only spoils a Fool;
With such a Youth there's need of little Pains,
They calculate his Study to his Brains;
But one that's active, full of Sense and Fire,
Him they assist, and mount his Spirit higher,
Suffer him see the Truth, without Disguise,
And teach him---to be free is to be wise.
Thus did they form the Mind of FRANCO PIERRE
(The Name we chuse to give our Cavalier,)
Right learn'd and moral'd well---but yet his Name
Spoke among Churchmen gains but little Fame;
For plain the wily Clergy saw with Grief,
He shew'd too many Signs of Unbelief;

The

B

For

For feldom at his Table there sat down,
 The Church male-Petticoat, and shaven Crown ; 20
They who slight Priests slight Heav'n, and so did he,
 And not in this alone, as you shall see ;
 For Souls in Limbo he would nothing pay,
 There Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Lay,
 But not in his bad Creed, without all Doubt 25
 He else had brib'd the Church to pray them out.
 If he heard Mass upon a Holiday,
 He came the latest, and went first away ;
 At the Confession when did he appear,
 Except by Obligation once a Year ? 30
 And then in *Latin* to the Parish Priest,
 Among whose Talents, Learning is the least ;
 But th'Absolution certainly was good,
 Tho' the Confession was not understood :
 So held our Penitent ; for he would take 35
 The Thing for Peace, if not for Conscience Sake ;
 And yearly thus discharg'd he carried Home
 The Church Quietus, for a Year to come.
 At Home his Walls were hung with pictur'd Spite,
 Things to true Catholicks, a Scandal quite ; 40
 This Side the Pier, the *Virgin* and the *Dove* ;
 On that a *Leda*, with the feather'd *Jove* ;
 Here *Messalina*--there a *Magdalene* ;
 Here a *Madonna*---there the *Cyprian Queen* ;
 Here *Maia's* Son, heel-feather'd *Gabriel* too, 45
 That which was which, at first you hardly knew ;
 And *female Saints* who help to save us all,
 Were mix'd with *Whores* and *Helens* round the Hall.
 But what are these to Words--when o'er his Wine,
 He said the Pope himself was not divine ; 50
 And boldly has asserted at a Feast,
 A Layman was an Angel to a Priest.
 Heav'n shield say I from many *FRANCO PIERRES*,
 Or else the Church would quickly hang her Ears ;

The



The worst of Hereticks would never blaze, 55
 And Priests must all turn out of Stall to graze.
 So much for his Religion; and you'll find
 His Actions suited with this Turn of Mind.
 He liv'd in a paternal Country-Seat,
 Not large and pompous---rather small and neat. 60
 Vines, running Streams, and well wash'd Meads around,
 A Garden where all rural Sweets abound;
 At chearful Morn the Fountain Side delights,
 From Mid-Day Sun the Poplar Grove invites,
 Till dewy Eve the Fields, and flow'ry Hills, 65
 The creeping Rivulets, and founding Rills;
 Those Strains, those Cooings that were heard above,
 Were *Larks*, and *Throstles*, and the *Bird of Love*.
 Thus blest sat FRANCO PIERRE to see the Sun
 (Which now his eight and twentieth Course had run 70
 Since he had seen its Light) conclude the Day.
 How swift the Years revolve, and roll away!
 These were his Thoughts--when thro' a Row of Trees,
 He coming from the House a Damsel sees,
 Like one on Message bent--Grief in her Dress, 75
 But in her lively Aspect nothing less;
 She serv'd a Lady who had led a Life
 A Nun in all Respects, except a Wife;
 In five Years Space, since she was brought from *France*,
 Not once had she been seen, except by chance; 80
 Her Chapel was at Home--the publick View
 Her Husband never would expose her to;
 An old domestick Priest that govern'd All,
 Took care she never passed the Garden Wall;
 Nor did she wish it--she had learn'd the Way, 85
 To keep her Vows, and honour and obey.
 Her bigot Lord that fasted half his Time,
 And pray'd a Quarter, wither'd in his Prime,
 From him had Death--sole Cure of Jealousy,
 A Fortnight since releas'd, and set her free. 90
 When

When FRANCO PIERRE among the rest desir'd,
 To see her mourning Days at Home expir'd,
 And view the Widow Nun how she appears;
 Her Age was known, but four and twenty Years:
 But what should bring her Waiting-Woman there? 95
 He wish'd to know---she wanted to declare;
 Said she---my Lady (here she curt'ied low)
 Is call'd *Joanna*---as perhaps you know,
 Of *France*---as I am too---which you may guess
 By the bad Language that my Thoughts express: 100
 Sir, she's in great Distress---her Sorrow great,
 She mourns her Lord---she mourns her own hard Fate.
 But other Grievs oppress and fill her Eye,
 Without Relation and without Allie:
 To you I come---to you her Cause commend, 105
 If to a Stranger you can prove a Friend;
 How stand you, Sir, inclined? said he, proceed---
 Whatever she commands becomes a Deed---
 In few Words then---for that's my Country's Way,
 Let me deliver what I have to say: 110
 My Lady twelve Years old, my self no more,
 (I think I did not tell my Name before,
 I'm call'd *Rosetta*) when her Mother died,
 I since that Day have never left her Side:
 As few so constant at the Church, as she--- 115
Rosetta also was a Devotee,---
 Or if she went abroad to take the Air,---
 You never miss'd to see *Rosetta* there:
 Thus grew she up, as beautiful as *May*,
 But pensive---I was rather pert and gay; 120
 And when she turn'd aside have bow'd to Beaux,
 Who gazing on her---half forgot their Cloaths.
Joanna was the Wonder of the Throng,
Joanna was the Theme of ev'ry Song:
 Sighs, *Billetdoux*, flew thick, and some of Weight, 125
 Fill'd with the Rent-Roll of a large Estate;
 When

But

But more with *Flames unquench'd with Seas of Tears,*
 By *dead and living Hearts,* made *bold by Fears,*
 Who, tho' *despairing, hop'd*—not but their *Pain*
 Was *Pleasure,* such as *Gods* would *die* to gain. 130
 All these, and others of desert that came,
 Had they compar'd her Answers were the same;
 Some Fault she always found—one, he's a Rake—
 This, courts me only for my Fortune's Sake—
 A third—because his Friends command to woo--- 135
 And some—because have nothing else to do:
 Give me a Man, whose Thoughts are rais'd above
 Blind idle *Cupids,* and the Sin of Love;
 Whose Heart forgets not Heav'n; let him esteem
 Life and its Pleasures nothing but a Dream; 140
 Never may he who hopes to call me Bride,
 Blaspheme the Angels to increase my Pride;
 Mortal I am, and Dust, a little Clay,
 That bears a Figure and a Form to-day:
 Kneel not to me, but to the holy Throne, 145
 Ask me of God, for I am not my own.

While I expect a Lover from the Sky
 Comes my late Lord, from hence, from *Lombardy,*
 Brimful of Zeal—his Errand was a Vow,---
 (But that's not to the Point I'm speaking now) 150
 Pleasing his Form, as yet unmark'd by Time,
Joanna under twenty, in her Prime.
 For others Sins they long had learn'd to weep,
 Nor left the Church—except to eat and sleep;
 In short they both agreed to join their Prayers, 155
 Estates, and Souls, *and every thing was theirs.*
 A Relick of St. *Louis,* Saint and King,
 Was set with Diamonds in her Wedding Ring;
 Her bridal Linnen blest'd at *Rome*—and his—
 Could there be seen a happier Match than this? 160

Few prove so happy, through *Joanna's* Care,
 For many Hardships she was forc'd to bear.
 His jealous Nature, though he knew her chaste,
 Must give a Virtuous Woman great Distaste:
 To have a Lock between me and the Road—— 165
 O! I should hate my Husband like a Toad.
 And then my Lady never was with Child——
 I vow such Things would make some Women wild;
 But the worst Plague of Plagues the Priest——I'm sure
 I never could, nor never would endure; 170
 All my Lord's Wealth was his, his Rents and Lands——
 For not a Dollar pass'd but thro' his Hands;
 This *Father Thomas*——(me I know he hates,
 And wishes me a Nun within the Grates;——
 But Grace abounds to hinder that I hope—— 175
 I'd rather see him hanging at a Rope)
 I'll call him Villain,——he's a filthy Goat——
 T'would hardly be a Sin to cut his Throat;——
 For all he's left in Trust——Sir, please to mark,
 How he has carried Matters in the Dark; 180
 To get a private Will, where my Lord gives
 A Thousand Crowns to him each Year he lives,
 Makes him Executor, and sole Trustee,
 And only leaves a Suit of black to me——
 This holy Cheat, (the Devil give him Shame) 185
 Has offer'd Things unfit for me to name;
 He put his Arm about my Lady's Waist——
 Said he, young Widows should not live too chaste,
 And added something else about her Breast——
 Too wanton and prophane to be exprest, 190
 Comparing it to Heav'n:——away she flew,
 O *Father Thomas*, God will punish you,
 Repeating twice in Passion——here I end——
 Be you, good Cavalier, *Joanna's* Friend;
 So may your Prayers be heard, so may your Fame 195
 Be great, and like perfume your precious Name.

He

He answer'd (and before you understood
 Of Priests he thought or knew but little good)
 By Knighthood, and fair Truth, I hold him base,
 That could refuse his Help in such a Case; 200
 Let me conduct you Home, when I shall wait,
 Till you admit me thro' the Garden-Gate
 Straight to your Lady, where I may confer,
 Talk and advise, and counsel well with her.
 Darkness apace was mixing with the Day, 205
 And Night before them shadow'd all the Way.
 At length arriv'd, *Rosetta* gets the Key,
 Enter good Sir, and softly follow me—
 My Lady knows you're come—now thro' this Door,
 (None but my Lord might pass it heretofore) 210
 This Staircase if you please will lead you right,
 She's in the Room where you perceive the Light,
 Let me step in before—Now Cavalier—
 Madam, behold the noble FRANCO PIERRE.

There sat JOANNA just what Poets feign 215
 Of *Venus*, mourning for *Adonis* slain;
 Or Picture that the sacred Seer might draw,
 Who *Rachel* weeping for her Children saw.
 Blank Awe and mute Suspension seized the Knight,
 His Heart, his Eyes, were melted at the Sight. 220
 Pardon me, Sir, said she, the Tears I shed,
 You see me mourn the Living, not the Dead;
 Myself—unhappy me!—Why was my Life
 Lengthen'd a Moment, past the Name of Wife?
 O my lov'd Lord!—What Life is this of mine— 225
 Who only live in thee, and still am thine?
 Behold without thee how I pass the Day,
 And chide the tedious Hours I weep away;
 How long must I this Wretch, this Widow be?—
 Mistaken Death, thy Message was to me: 230
 Come

Come back, sweet Angel, come.—Alas! I rave,
 Good Spirits, guard me, and my Senses save.
 Sir,---I'm oppress'd too much;---I've lost a Mate
 I lov'd and honour'd at no common Rate;
 Him fragile Nature cannot yet resign— 235
 Grant me, kind Heav'n, that Power at length be mine;
 In this no mortal Help can do me good;---
 But by *Rosetta* you have understood
 What wicked Hands have Power o'er my Estate;
 I see my Danger, and I know it great; 240
 How few dare stand against a Priest, how few
 Have Strength of Resolution like to you,
 Who once accus'd a whole religious House,
 And prov'd upon them all, the Breach of Vows.
 " Madam, the Priesthood was my Father's Aim 245
 " For me, and still I have a Scholar's Claim;
 " But those who learn of Jesuits, soon perceive
 " Their Masters do not teach as they believe;
 " They preach up Superstition to the Crowd,
 " Free-Thinkers secretly whatever vow'd. 250
 " I think myself a Match for any Priest;—
 " For *Father Thomas* we'll suppose at least.
 " This Business wholly to my Care I take,
 " As well for yours, as for the Cause's Sake,
 " Not doubting but before to-morrow Night, 255
 " I find a Method that shall do you right;
 " Till then, and ever, may your Heart have Rest,
 " And Grief and Fear be Strangers to your Breast;
 " The Blessings of the Night be on your Sleep.
 On yours, said she, for I shall wake and weep. 260
 As Grief admits of little Compliment,
 He only silent bow'd, and homeward went,
 Led by *Rosetta* thro' the private Door,
 And back again the Steps they trod before.

" Can there be such bewitching Excellence? 265
 Or does some new born Passion cheat the Sense?
 And dress up Fairy Forms? O welcome Guest!
 If this be Love, thy Kingdom is my Breast.
 Beauty (fair Mourner there is none but thine)
 Has conquer'd all my Soul, and I resign. 270
 Did not thy Eyes (where armed Loves appear)
 Set Charms on Grief, and beautify a Tear?
 Faithful and fairest Relict, thou dost wear
 Heart Mourning—in this Age Example rare.
 O might it be the Glory of my Life, 275
 To be the second Love of such a Wife!
 Sweetest Joanna, if an honest Heart
 And greatest Love be reckon'd as Desert,
 Or if to minister to thy Delights,
 The Services of all my Days, my Nights 280
 Be wholly counted out—if to prevent
 Thy smallest Wishes be my Life's Intent;
 If Love can purchase such a Heart as thine,
 I bid the highest Rate, and claim thee mine.
 For that old Ram with the black borrow'd Wool, 285
 The Measure of his Wickedness is full;
 And Justice near at Hand—what a Disease,
 In Families, nay in the World, are these.—
 Thus to himself he reason'd on the Way,
 Thus to himself he reason'd till the Day; 290
 And this was the Result—forthwith to send
 For a great Advocate, his learned Friend,
 Whose Counsel in the Law had such Report
 He settled many a Cause without a Court.
 " Urge him to haste, he cannot come too soon, 295
 " I must have his Advice this Afternoon;
 " For any Business he may leave undone,
 " I'll answer to the Damage two for one;

The

D

Tell

" Tell him, I neither Food nor Rest can take,
 " That Life, and dearer than my Life's at Stake. 300
 " Spur forward, he'll have Wings of Wonder on,
 " Be thine of Duty, now at once begone!

Six Hours had slowly pass'd, when soon he heard
 The Tread of Horses which just then appear'd;
 The Counsellor was come, and FRANÇOIS PIERRE 305
 A full Relation to his private Ear,
 Of all that went before in Order gave;
 The Repetition of it I shall wave,—
 And only tell the Advocate's Reply—
 To state the Case before us let us try. 310

Here's a delib'rate Will, and by this Will,
 (The meer Effect of Craft, and ghostly Skill)
 We who are Widow, and have Right to be
 Heiress of all, and left without Trustee,
 Are subject first to that; but we must trace 315
 A little further back into our Case,
 Our Marriage Articles if we inspect,
 Perhaps this Will may prove of no Effect;
 We without Issue, may have such a Claim
 May make it fit for nothing but the Flame. 320

Suppose it otherwise, I say suppose
 The Testament stands good, he speaks that knows
 A certain Cure for all: The Law is plain,
 And tho' this *Father* be a Rogue in Grain,
 He holds his Trust, tis his confirm'd his Right, 325
 The Law's against us— then we'll leave it quite,
 And turn us to the Duke, Maker of Laws,
 He shall be well acquainted with this Cause;
 My Life for yours we make him quit his Hold,
 You must not value here a little Gold: 330
 But then you should have Proof quite gross to Sense,
 And Circumstance of his Incontinence:

The Lady must make Truce with her Complaint,
 And lend a Hand to canonize this Saint ;
 Frankly permit his Visits ; let it be 335
 Where from some Closet you and I may see :
 The Lady's Waiting-Woman with us too ;
 Yet our Lay-Evidence will hardly do :
 Have you no Priests at Hand worthy of Trust ?
 'Tis hard to venture, but in Troth you must ; 340
 They hunt in Couples, we must get a Brace
 That dare discharge an Oath in any Place,
 Tho' 'twere against a Cardinal ; these two
 The Lady and her Maid, myself and you,
 May chance to be believ'd : But in a State 345
 Where the Pope governs (as we saw of late)
 You'd risque a Prison, or be fin'd at least,
 Since Oaths are Perjury against a Priest.
 And now you've my best Counsel---And the best,
 Said FRANCO PIERRE, that ever Words exprest : 350
 There is continued he, a merry Friar
 Comes here sometimes, indeed at my Desire ;
 Our Parish Priest is dead, and once a Year
 We must at the Confessional appear,
 So I intend to be his Penitent, 355
 And take his Absolution after Lent.
 Except himself, since the Estate was mine,
 None of his Class with me to sup or dine,
 But he delights me much, we two agree,
 I Truth and Knowledge thro' his Habit see ; 360
 Unswoln with sacerdotal Pride, he's meek,
 And honest, and in short the Man we seek.
 This good *Dominican*, whose Convent stood
 At Distance of a Mile besides a Wood,
 Measur'd the Way as fast as he had Power, 365
 (The Servant was not absent full an Hour.)
 Father, says FRANCO PIERRE, what say you now
 Deserves the Churchman that would break his Vow ?

On went the Story, till the Part came in,
That touch'd the *Father*, where we now begin. 370

If my poor Help to punish this Abuse,
Return'd the Friar, can be of any use,
Behold me ready, but if I had known
It could not have been done by me alone,
Another, my Companion, I had brought 375
Had wanted nothing else but to be taught.
Right, says the Knight, but we have Time to spare,
And what you speak must be to-morrow's Care,
Now I'll excuse you (for the Day grows late)
As you must me, my Friend, and Advocate, 380
For when the Evening closes I must run,
To let *Joanna* know what we have done.
Father, my Service to old *Dominick*,
I mean your Guardian, tell him I am sick,
That I intreat him earnestly to spare 385
Your Friend and you, to comfort me in Prayer,
Till *Sunday's* Morning Mass, say, in the Night
If left a Moment dreadful Thoughts affright,
That I've an Act of Charity to do,
And you believe it chiefly meant to you. 390
Well, said the Friar, we Gownmen have our Crimes,
But Laymen cheat the Church you see sometimes:
Then bow'd, and smiling went away. By this
You see what Management and Foresight is.

Rosetta guards *Joanna's* Garden Gate, 395
For FRANCO PIERRE she has not long to wait;
Love push'd him forward, but a Love so wise,
As bid him yet keep on the Friend's Disguise.
This Stratagem (when he had told it thro')
Is certain, Madam, what is best for you, 400
When in a Moment we must leave this Place,
And loud at *Parma* trumpet his Disgrace.

The

The Duke is just, our Advocate is sure,
 He would not promise, what he can't procure.
 To-morrow after dark, the two *Good Men* 405
 (For whom *Rosetta* will be watching then)
 Come hither; but the Advocate thinks fit,
 If you (as well we hope) will that admit,
 To come to-night, or Midnight fully past,
 For now the Time of Action comes on fast; 410
 A Day's Advice from him will teach you Art,
 For Madam, you are now to feign a Part.

These Things, as said, were done, the Advocate
 Was privately admitted, very late,
 The Friars at Evening next with FRANCO PIERRE, 415
 (O *Father Thomas*, all your Friends are here!)
 Five in the Closet, dark as was the Night.
 The Lady in the Chamber with a Light
 Had set for *Domine*, and on her Tongue,
 The Counsel of the Advocate was hung. 420
 Instructed she begins:—My Lord, you know,
 (And here some real Tears began to flow)
 Received a *Portion* on our Wedding-Day,
 Larger than *his Estate*, if sold, could pay,
 Both which devolve on me; but as he knew 425
 Me a weak Woman, he has trusted you;
 This makes it necessary there should be
 Good Understanding kept 'twixt you and me;
 Yet sure all is not right, here Weeks are gone,
 And I've been never rightly waited on--- 430
 What Moneys have you brought me? this Neglect
 In other Things might make me well suspect;
 Judge for yourself, what great Respect is shewn
 To make me thus solicit for my own.
Father, I hope you want not to be told, 435
 We Women love the Hands that bring us Gold.

E

For

For me, I flight such niggardly Abuse, The Duke is just
 I'd rather have a Man I love profuse; He would not promise
 Must I teach you? you make me blush for Shame, To-morrow
 Love, Man, and ready Money are the same. (444) whom
 Said he, dear Lady, (here he touch'd her Hand) Come hit
 Your own, and mine, and me, at once command, If you
 What am I but your Slave? and now her Breast To come
 He kiss'd, and call'd her fairest, dearest, best, For now
 North Star of Beauty, Queen of radiant Charms, (445) day
 And strove to press her gently to his Arms-- For Madam
 You would be much too bold were this Offence
 Not compensated in another Sense, These Things
 Replied *Joanna*; but I know not how Was privately
 You seem to me regardless of your Vow, (446) as Friars
 Can it permit you use the Name of Love, (O Father
 Except to Saints, or Attributes above? Five in the
 Will Heav'n, pray tell me, (I you know am free) The I
 Absolve you under Vows, and punish me? Had let
 Besides I fear the World, the Multitude (447) of
 With Eye malicious, and with Censure rude: Instructed
 These Thoughts when you took Freedom t'other Day, (And
 Stagger'd my Soul, and frighted me away, Received
 Nay, and I tremble now, I hope with Fear-- Larger
 Ah! that it was with Love, my Angel dear! (448) which
 Assumes the *Father*, but you raise a Doubt Me a weak
 Of Love, as if we Priests must live without. This makes
 We vow 'tis true, but after, if we find Good
 That Vow impossible, it does not bind; Yet true
 Suppose it were to fly, or live in Fire, (449) I've
 Just so it is to overcome Desire. What
 In Thought, or Act, the World is all unchaste, In other
 The Seat of Wisdom is not near the Waist, Judge
 And these are Sins for Mercy, if a Man To make
 Confess his Fault, and leave it if he can; (450) I hope
 What does the Church, that's Heav'n I mean, demand, What
 Except a little Penance from our Hand?

Yours

Yours, you shall take from me, when you confess,
 I'll shut my Ear, and but absolve and bless.
 Then for the World, what World? yourself or I 475
 Must give it Wings, or it can never fly;
 Who presses where you are? no, by this Kiss,
 Nothing in Heav'n or Earth impedes our Bliss;
 Your Days come on of Life and Liberty,
 And all your Hours shall Hours of Pleasure be. 480
 Sir, what you say has made me hope as much,
 At least I'll struggle hard to make them such,
 Was her Reply; and now she bids him go,
 Adding that she should hold him as her Foe,
 If he should construe any Thing she said, 485
 As if she trampled Wanton o'er the dead,
 She'd not forget him, but she wou'd he'd strive
 Forth from his Breast those idle Thoughts to drive,
 Of which she dar'd at present hear no more,
 Her Business was on quite another Score. 490
 She begg'd he'd leave her to herself to-night,
 But as to sending Money up, he might;
 Two Thousand Crowns or so---away he went,
 This Carriage he imagin'd half Consent,
 And sends three Thousand Crowns, in Banks and Coin, 495
 Without Receipt, or any Thing to sign
 First Payment of his Trust, and last---No Net
 Could e'er be fairer thrown, or Snare be set.
 To FRANCO PIERRE'S *Joanna* went that Night,
 And all to *Parma*, with the Morning-Light, 500
 Except the Friars, who by Citation come
 With Leave of their Superior, and from *Rome*.
 Strong were the Proofs, as strong as Proofs could be,
 The Duke was moved, and issued this Decree.
 To all our Judges, Lawyers, Advocates, 505
 And loving Subjects of our several States,
 Be knowledge of our Will: That for good Cause,
 And notwithstanding it may thwart the Laws,

We

We wholly here make void the Testament,
Form, Signing, Proving, Purport, and Intent 510
Of NICOLAS BERTADINI, and the Claim
Lodge in JOANNA, Widow of that Name,
Without Reserve to hold; forbidding here
One THOMAS, Priest and Abbot, to appear
With any Power which by that Will was his, 515
Depriv'd, disqualified, and null'd by this:
But as we think our Duty to submit
To Mother Church in every Thing that's fit,
This last, in Honour to his holy Coat,
Is ratified at Rome, as underwrote. 520
 The Pope's Consent was there, but so prolix,
 'Twould tire your Patience, but a Word in fix;
 It bore a Mandate, citing him from thence
 To answer, where a Pardon cost him Pence.

This Court moves slow, the Popes are always old, 525
 And every Thing is bargain'd for and sold;
 So what at *Parma* pass'd in fifteen Days,
 Was working up ten Months thro' their Delays;
 Another Month concludes *Joanna's* Year,
 When stands confess'd the Love of FRANCO PIERRE. 530
 Her first Denials were but faint; she said,
 A Year was little Mourning for the Dead:
 Of Women she should think herself the worst,
 To wed a second, while she wept the first:
 She'll conquer her Affliction, if she can,
 And if not him, not wed another Man;
 Begs that he'll think her grateful, since she knows
 And owns, she Life to him and Fortune owes:
 If Time should prove his Friend—or if her Heart
 Could think her worthy of such high Desert, 540
 As strange a Thing might happen. What was this,
 In plain and other Words, but saying, yes?

But

But not to wed at *Rome*, no publick Show ;
 To *Lombardy* again they quickly go,
 Where she becomes his Wife ; within his Gate 545
 No Discord enter'd, nor the Name of Hate,
 But multiplying Love ; a new born Race
 Spring yearly to them, and their Table grace,
 Lovely of either Sex ; they liv'd to see
 Their Children wedded, and their Progeny, 550
 Sons of their Sons, that round their Knees would play,
 And bless with little Sports the Hours away.
 Death first surpriz'd the Knight, took him in Sleep,
 The ancient Widow scarcely liv'd to weep ;
 She more than threescore Years had been his Wife, 555
 As many Days of mourning ends her Life.
 Peace to their Dust---Reader, this worthy Knight,
 Part of whose Actions we have kept in fight,
 Is worth Example : " To be just and good
 " Is better than to wear a Friar's Hood. 560
 " The Mind, if studied well, itself can teach,
 " There most give Ear, where God and Nature preach.
 " Learn what you are yourself ; if you are blind
 " Trust to the View, the Sight of all Mankind,
 " But not to what they do not, cannot see ; 565
 " Are they not then as fully blind as thee ?
 " Judge for yourself, keep Reason at your Side,
 " And darken not your Eyes, to take a Guide :
 " Numbers are on the Way ; follow the Train
 " Pursuing Knowledge, not pursuing Gain, 570
 " Nor Power, nor Pride, nor self ; those, tho' they pray,
 " Are dragging gouty Limbs another Way
 " That's very broad from *Rome*, and yet that Race
 " Still croud and jostle for the foremost Place :
 " Avoid that beaten Path, and keep the Track 575
 " Where Truth and Glory open at their Back. ---
 This Lesson to his Sons taught FRANCO PIERRE,
 Whose well known Story we shall finish here.

F I N I S.

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[17]
Lately published and sold at the same Places,

THE SURPRIZE, or the GENTLEMAN turn'd APO-
THECARY: A TALE, written originally in *French* Prose;
afterwards translated into *Latin*; and from thence now versified
in *Hudibrastics*.

----*Virgo Pretiumque & Causa Laboris.*

OVID.

To our Fair Readers.

*The Muse presumes to lay before ye,
If not a true, a merry Story;
Nor need ye fear our Mirth will hurt ye,
Since 'twill instruct, while it diverts ye;
A fair one, tho' surpriz'd, you'll see
Preserve good Sense and Modesty;
And manly Courage, Wit, and Truth
Conspire to bless a lucky Youth.
Your Censures then, ye Fair, suspend,
Nor let the Comic Scene offend;
But read the Tale, and mark the End.*



